Received in Dublin.

Boston, Oct 1, 1842.

Dear Bro. Wright:

95- Unless the Sheridan shall have an uncommonly quick passage, or the Acadia an unusually long one, across the Atlantic, this hasty epistle will probably anticipate your arrival in Dublin, and so take you agreeably by surprise. Fully was it my intention to send by you a bundle of letters, to my English, Scotch and Irish friends; but my anti-slavery engagements in New-Hampshire interfered, and occupied precisely the time that I had intended to devote to letter-writing. I can imagine how you felt, under these circumstances; and can share equally in your regret. Rogers and Remond told me at Somersworth, and Bradburn at Nantucket, that they had equipped you with letters to our beloved friends abroad; and I suppose others have seized the opportunity to write by you. You will not stand in need, therefore, of any special introduction from me to our transatlantic coadjutors. Indeed, you are already too well known among them to require an introduction. I am as sure that you will be hospita-

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I am as sure that you will be kindly
bly and cordially received by them, as I
am that the sun is shining gloriously
this first day of October. How my heart
leaps to think of your visit! O that
I could be with you, to sympathize, to
rejoice, to labor with you! But what
do I say? How can loving, kindred spir-
its ever be separated? Are they not one
by affection, choice, affinity? Matter
separates but matter. To the soul
there is "no more sea," no geographical
boundaries, no mountain barriers. How
remember that I am separated from you
only in bodily form; but as for my heart,
with all its aspirations, hopes, good wish-
es, and love without measure, it is with
you. I know what is the heart of a
stranger, in a strange land; how lac-
erating it is to the feelings to be exiled
from home, wife, children and friends —
to have a mighty ocean heaving its bil-
lows between one's own native land
and the foreign soil on which it is his
lot to stand — to think of what may tran-
spire in one's absence, by the vicissitudes
of time, and the ravages of death; but I
know, too, by delightful experience, that
he who trusts in God, and whose meat
and drink it is to do the will of his
Heavenly Father, will be sustained under
every trial — will be richly compensated
for whatever sacrifices he may make in
the cause of bleeding humanity — and will
not lack any good thing.

You well know, dear brother, that I have felt the deepest interest in your mission to England, and have done what I could (I am sorry it has been so little) to forward it. My own convictions still remain strong, as they were at the beginning, that the mission will do good to yourself, and to the various great moral and philanthropic enterprises of the age. No one can be more sorry to part with you, for a time, than myself; but my belief is unfaltering that, by kindling a fire abroad, you will communicate warmth to us here at home. What an ample field is before you! How many eyes, both of affectionate friends and bitter enemies, are fastened on you! My prayer is, that you may be endowed with grace and wisdom from on high, and perseverance in well-doing to the end.

"A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey:—
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way!"

To my dear Dublin friends — the Webbs, Allens, Haughtons, &c. &c. — convey the choicest expressions of my personal regard and love. Seldom do they hear from me by letter, but they are never absent from my remem-

do they hear from me by letter, but they are never absent from my remembrance. I cherish toward them peculiar feelings of friendship and admiration, and yearn in spirit for the time when I may again behold them face to face.

To John Murray and William Smeal, in Scotland, (in particular,) give my affectionate regards, and assure them of my unceasing esteem for them. Their kindness to me was very great, and I long for the opportunity and ability to repay it.

To George Thompson and Elizabeth Pease say, that, should I love them any more than I do, I should be guilty of the sin of idolatry. They are, indeed, very dear to me.

Three weeks ago, my dear Helen presented me with a fine son whose name we shall call Charles Follen. The mother and child are both doing remarkably well. Thus it is indeed that, in spite of all opposition, "Garrisonism" is on the increase!

I intended to write much more, but have been greatly hindered by company this morning — the mail is to close in a few moments. Adieu! Write soon — Heaven bless and prosper you!

Yours, ever, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Henry C. Wright
Care of Richard D. Webb,
Printer
Dublin
Ireland.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison
Boston Mass.
Oct. 1842